THE

BELGICK-BOAR,

To the TUNE of

Chivy-Chase.

I.

GOd prosper long our Noble King,
Our Hopes and Wishes all.
A fatal Landing late there did
In Devonshire befall.

II.

To drive our Sovereign from his Throne,
Prince Nassaw took his way,
The Babe may rue that's lately born,
His Landing at Torbay.

III.

The stubborn Tarquin, void of Grace,
Vows to Hell did make,
To force his Father Abdicate,
And then his Crown to take.

IV.

And eke the Royal Infant Prince
To seize, or drive away.
These Tydings to our Monarch came
In White-hall, where he lay.

V.

Who unconcern'd at the Report,
At first would not believe,
That any of his Royal Race,
Such Mischief should conceive.

VI.

Till time which ripens all things did,
The villany disclose.
And of a Nephew, and a Son,
Forg'd out the worst of Foes.

VII.

Who by Infernal instinct led;
A Mighty Fleet prepares,
His Father's Kindom to invade,
And fill his Heart with Cares.

VIII.

Our Gracious King desires to know,
What his Pretensions were.
And how without his Leave he durst,
Presume on Landing here;

IX.

Declaring what was deem'd amiss,
Should soon amended be.
And whatsoever should be desir'd,
He wou'd thereto Agree.

X.

And for a speedy Parliament,
He doth forthwith Declare:
The Surly Brute not minding this,
Does to our Coasts repair.

XI.

With several thousand Belgick Boors,
All chosen Rogues of Spight,
Join'd with Rebels, who from hence
And Justice, had ta'n Flight.

XII.

Who Arm'd with Malice, and with Hope,
Soon threw themselves a Shore,
Crying our Religion, and our Laws,
They came for to Restore.

XIII.

Then Declarations flew about,
As thick as any Hail,
Which on the Rude and Senseless Rout,
Did Mightily prevail.

XIV.

We must be Papists, or be Slaves,
Is now the General Cry;
But wee'l do any thing to save
Our Darling Liberty.

XV.

Wee'l join with a Forreign Prince,
Against our Lawful King:
For he from all Fancy'd Fears,
Deliverance doth bring.

XVI.

And if what he Declares prove true
(As who knows but it may)
Were he the Devil of a Prince,
Wee'l rather him obey.

XVII.

Then our Allegiance let's cast off,
James shall no longer guide us,
And tho' the French would Bridle us,
None but the Dutch shall Ride us.

XVIII

And whoso will not join with us
In this Design so brave,
Their Houses wee'l pull down, or Burn,
And Seize on what they have.

These

*EBB65.

XIX.

These growing ills, for to prevent,
Our King his Force doth send,
But amongst those he most did trust,
He scarce did find one Friend.

XX.

Those rigling vermin, who so late
His Royal Rays did shroud,
And Bask'd and wanton'd in his Beams,
Now leave him in a Cloud.

XXI.

O how my very heart doth bleed
To think, how basely they,
Who long had Eaten Royal Bread,
Their Master now betray.

XXII.

And those whom he had most oblig'd,
And greatest Favour shewn,
Appear'd to be the very first
Who sought him to Dethrone.

XXIII.

O Compton, Langston, and the rest,
Who basely from him ran,
Your Names for ever be Accurst,
By every Englishman.

XXIV.

Proud Tarquin he pursues his Game,
And quickly makes it plain,
He came not to Redress our Wrongs,
But Englands Crown to gain.

XXV.

And ore his Father's mangled Fame,
His Chariot proudly drives,
Whilst he God man, altho' in vain,
To pacifie him strives.

XXVI.

He bids him make his own Demands.
And say for what he came,
And any thing except the Crown,
He should have Leave to Claim.

XXVII.

But he ungrateful would not hear
This Message, tho so kind,
But caus'd the Royal Messenger,
Forthwith to be Confin'd.

XXVIII.

He brings his Nasty Croaking Crew,
Unto his Father's Gate,
Dismist his own, makes them his Guards,
O dismal turn of Fate.

XXIX.

Also at Midnight drives him thence,
O horrid impious thing;
Where such Affronts are offered to
A Father and a King.

XXX.

A King so good, so just, so kind,
So merciful to all;
His virtues were his only Fault,
And that which caus'd his Fall.

XXXI.

Who now his Royal Life to save,
Is forc't to fly the Land,
And leaves his Sceptre to be Grasp't
By an ungracious Hand.

XXXII.

Hells Journeymen are strait Convein'd,
To rob God of his Power,
Set up themselves a Stork-like King
The Nation to devour.

XXXIII.

And to secure his Lawless Throne.
Now give him all we have,
And make each Freeborn English heart
Become a Belgick Slave.

XXXIV.

The Bar, the Pulpit, and the Press,
Infatuously combine,
To cry up an Usurping Power,
And Stamp it for Divine.

XXXV.

Our Loyalty we must melt down,
And have it Coin'd a new,
For what was curzant hetetofore,
Will now no longer do.

XXXVI.

Our Fetters we our selves put on,
Our selves, our selves did Bubble;
Our Conscience a meer Pack-horse make,
Which now must carry double.

XXXVII.

Oh England, when to future times,
This Story shall be known,
How will they Blush, to think what Crimes,
There Ancestors have done.

XXXVIII.

But after all, what have we got
By this our Dear-bought King;
Why, that our Scandal and Reproach,
Throughout the World may Ring.

XXXIX

That our Religion, Liberty,
And Law, we held so dear,
Are more invaded in this Change,
Than ever yet they were.

XXXX.

Our Coffers drain'd, our Coin impair'd,
That Little which remains;
Our Persons seiz'd, our Thoughts arraign'd,
Our Freedom now in Chains.

XXXXI.

Our Traffique ruin'd, Shipping lost,
Our Traders most undone,
Our Bravest Heroes Sacrific'd,
Our Antient Glory gone.

XXXXII.

A fatal, Costly War entangl'd,
On this Unhappy Isle,
Unless above what we deserve,
Kind Heaven at last do smile.

XXXXIII.

And bring our injur'd Monarch home,
And place Him on His Throne,
And to Confusion bring his Foes,
Which God grant may be done.

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